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APPENDIX

*K. Library, by the London, Borth
Hymns*

TO THE

PSALMS and HYMNS,

USED AT THE

PARISH CHURCH



St. BOTOLPH

WITHOUT ALDERSGATE.

London:

Printed for the Benefit of the WARD-SCHOOL, and
to be had of the Parish-Clerk.

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M, DCC, XCV.

On the REVERENCE required in SINGING PSALMS.

TO reform the custom which has prevailed in *sitting*, while the psalms are sung in the public service of God; it is necessary to observe, that the Church has in all ages appointed the reverent practice of *standing* in singing praises to God. It plainly appears, from several passages of scripture that this was the practice of the Jewish Church *. And whenever the angels are said to sing praises to God (as in the visions of Isaiah † and St. John ‡) they are represented as *standing*.

One of the fathers §, describing the practice of the church in his time, says, “ the people rising from prayer, *stand* up to sing psalms. And, as we *stand* up with reverence, in conformity to the rubric, to praise God when the psalms are *read*, we ought to do the same when they are *sung*.

* 2 Chron. vi. 12. vii. 6. xx. 19. Nhem. ix. 5.

† Isa. vi. 1, 2, 3.

‡ Rev. vii. 9, 10. xv. 2, 3, 4.

§ St. Basil.

P S A L M VIII.

O THOU, to whom all creatures bow
 Within this earthly frame,
 Thro' all the world how great art thou!
 How glorious is thy name!

In heav'n, thy wond'rous acts are sung;
 Thy works are hallow'd there:
 On earth, thou mak'st the infant tongue
 Thy boundless praise declare.

By day, thy beauteous frame on high
 Employs our wond'ring sight:
 By night, the moon, which rules the sky,
 With stars of feebler light.

Lord, what is man, that thou should'st bear
 His lowly race in mind!
 That they with angels glory share!
 From thee protection find!

All glory to thee, thou mighty supreme! [theme:
 Whose works are our wonder, whose goodness our
 To the nations in darkness, thy will be made
 known,
 And on earth, as in heav'n, most cheerfully done.

P S A L M XVII.

DROOPING soul, shake off thy fears,
 Fearful soul, be strong be bold ;
 Tarry till the Lord appears,
 Never, never, quit thy hold ;
 Murmur not at his delay,
 Dare not set thy God a time,
 Calmly for his coming stay,
 Leave it, leave it all to him.

Saviour, lover of my soul,
 Let me to thy bosom fly,
 While the nearer waters roll,
 While the tempest still is high ;
 Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
 'Till the storm of life is past,
 Safe into the haven guide,
 O receive my soul at last.

Ev'ry one that seeks shall find ;
 Ev'ry one that asks shall have :
 Christ, the Saviour of mankind,
 Willing, able, all to save,
 Plenteous grace with him is found,
 Grace to cover all our sin :
 Let the healing streams abound,
 Make, and keep us pure within.

PSALM

P S A L M XIX.

BEHOLD the lofty sky
 Declares its maker God;
 And all the starry works on high,
 Proclaim his pow'r abroad.

Praise ye the Lord, Hallelujah !

The darkness and the light,
 Still keep their course the same:
 While night to day, and day to night,
 Divinely teach his name. *Praise ye, &c.*

In ev'ry distant land,
 Their gen'ral voice is known:
 They shew the wonders of his hand,
 And orders of his throne. *Praise ye, &c.*

His laws are just and pure,
 His truth without deceit;
 His promises for ever sure,
 And his rewards are great. *Praise ye, &c.*

While of thy works we sing,
 Thy glory to proclaim,
 Accept the praise, O God and King !
 In our Redeemer's name. *Praise ye, &c.*

P S A L M X I X.

SECOND PART.

THE spacious firmament on high,
 With all the blue ethereal sky,
 And spangled heav'ns (a shining frame !)
 Their great original proclaim.
 The unwearied sun from day to day,
 Doth his Creator's pow'r display ;
 And publishes to ev'ry land,
 The work of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the ev'ning shades prevail,
 The moon takes up the wond'rous tale,
 And nightly to the lift'ning earth,
 Repeats the story of her birth ;
 Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
 And all the planets in their turn,
 Confirm the tidings as they roll,
 And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What tho' in solemn silence all
 Move round the dark terrestrial ball ;
 What tho' no real voice nor found
 Amid their radiant orbs be found ;
 In reason's ear they all rejoice,
 And utter forth a glorious voice ;
 For ever singing as they shine,
 " The hand that made us is divine."

P S A L M XXIV.

FAR above yon glorious ceiling
 Of the azure vaulted sky,
 Jesus sits, his love revealing
 To the splendid troops on high.
 Host seraphic, humbly bowing,
 At his footstool prostrate fall ;
 Saints and angels all avowing,
 God in Christ their all in all.

Could we leave our foolish dreaming
 Of a fancy'd heaven below ;
 And behold Christ's glory beaming,
 How our souls wou'd long to go.
 Earth by us wou'd then be spurned,
 All its vanities subside ;
 Fuel fitting to be burned,
 Are its honors, pleasure, pride.

We should from this day be waiting,
 When the full reward is giv'n ;
 When his glorious work completing,
 Jesus takes his church to heav'n.
 Pure from every stain of nature
 Here in holiness to shine ;
 Modell'd like its great Creator,
 All immortal, all divine.

P S A L M

P S A L M XXIX.

SING, ye sons of men, O sing *Hallelujah!*
 Praise to heav'n's eternal king! *Hallelujah!*
 Yield the homage that his name *Hallelujah!*
 From a creature's lips may claim. *Hallelujah!*

Hark—his voice in thunder breaks—*Hallelujah!*
 Hush'd to silence while he speaks *Hallelujah!*
 Oceans waves, from pole to pole, *Hallelujah!*
 Hear the awful accents roll. *Hallelujah!*

Now the bursting clouds give way, *Hallelujah!*
 Now the vivid lightnings play, *Hallelujah!*
 And the wilds, by man untrod, *Hallelujah!*
 Hear dismay'd the approach of God. *Hallelujah!*

He the swelling sea commands ; *Hallelujah!*
 Fixt his throne for ever stands. *Hallelujah!*
 Sing, ye sons of men, O sing *Hallelujah!*
 Praise to heav'n's eternal king ! *Hallelujah!*

PSALM XXXIX.

HOW vain are all things here below !
 How false and yet how fair !
 Each pleasure hath its poison too ;
 And ev'ry sweet a snare.

The brightest things below the sky
 Give but a flattering light ;
 We should suspect some danger nigh,
 Where we possess delight.

Our dearest joys and nearest friends,
 The partners of our blood,
 How they divide our wav'ring minds
 And leave but half for God !

The fondness of a creature's love,
 How strong it strikes the sense !
 Thither the warm affections move,
 Nor can we call them thence.

Let, blessed Lord ! thy beauties be
 Our souls eternal food ;
 And grace command our heart away
 From all created good.

PSALM XLI.

HAPPY the man, whose tender care
 Relieves the poor distrest;
 When troubles compass him around,
 The Lord shall give him rest.

The Lord his life with blessings crown'd
 In safety shall prolong;
 And disappoint the will of those
 Who seek to do him wrong.

If he in languishing estate
 Oppress'd with sickness lie,
 The Lord shall easy make his bed,
 And inward strength supply.

Let therefore Israel's Lord and God,
 From age to age be bleſ'd.
 And all the people's glad applause
 With loud *Amens* express'd.

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PSALM XLVIII.

FAR as thy name is known
 The world declares thy praise ;
 Thy saints, O Lord, before thy throne
 Their songs of honour raise.

With joy let Judah stand
 On Sion's chosen hill,
 Proclaim the wonders of thy hand,
 And counsels of thy will.

Let strangers walk around
 The city where we dwell,
 Compass and view thy holy ground,
 And mark the building well.

How decent and how wise !
 How glorious to behold !
 Beyond the pomp that charms the eyes
 And rites adorn'd with gold.

The God we worship now,
 Will guide us 'till we die ;
 Will be our God while here below
 And ours above the sky.

PSALM L.

THE Lord has spoke, the mighty God
 Hath sent his summons all abroad ;
 From dawning light, till day declines :
 The list'ning earth his voice has heard,
 And he from Sion hath appear'd,
 Where beauty in perfection shines.

Attend my people : Israel hear :
 Thy strong accuser I'll appear :
 Thy God, thy only God am I :
 'Tis not of offerings I complain,
 Which daily in my temple slain,
 My sacred altar did supply.

The sacrifices I require,
 Are hearts, which love and zeal inspire,
 And vows, with strictest care observe.
 Who praises me, due honour gives,
 And to the man that justly lives,
 My strong salvation shall preserve.

PSALM

PSALM LXV.

'TIS by thy strength the mountains stand,
God of eternal pow'r !
The sea grows calm at thy command,
And tempests cease to roar.

Thy morning light, and evening shades,
Successive comforts bring ;
Thy plenteous fruits make harvest glad,
Thy flow'rs adorn the spring.

Seasons and times, and moons, and hours,
Heav'n, earth, and air are thine ;
When clouds distil in fruitful show'rs,
The author is divine.

Those wand'ring cisterns in the sky,
Borne by the winds around,
With watry treasures well supply
The furrows of the ground.

The thirsty ridges drink their fill,
And ranks of corn appear ;
Thy ways abound with blessings still ;
Thy goodness crowns the year !

PSALM

PSALM LXXXIV.

O GOD of hosts, the mighty Lord !
 How lovely is the place,
 Where thou enthron'd in glory shew'st
 The brightness of thy face !

My longing soul faints with desire
 To view thy blest abode ;—
 My panting heart and flesh cry out,
 For thee the living God :

Thrice happy they, whose choice hath thee
 Their sure protection made ;
 Who love to tread the sacred ways
 That to thy dwelling lead !—

Within thy courts one single day
 'Tis better to attend,
 Than Lord in any place beside,
 A thousand days to spend.

Thou God, whom heav'nly hosts obey,
 How highly blest is he,
 Whose hope and trust securely plac'd
 Is still repos'd in thee.

PSALM LXXXV.

SALVATION ! O the joyful sound !
 What pleasure to our ears !
 A sovereign balm for ev'ry wound,
 A cordial for our fears.

*Glory, honour, praise, and power,
 Be unto the Lamb for ever ;
 Jesus Christ is our Redeemer,
 Hallelujah, praise the Lord.*

Salvation ! let the echo fly !
 The spacious earth around ;
 While all the armies of the sky ;
 Conspire to raise the sound.

Glory, honour, &c.

Salvation ! O thou bleeding Lamb,
 To thee the praise belongs :
 Salvation ! shall inspire our hearts
 And dwell upon our tongues.

Glory, honour, &c.

P S A L M X C.

L ORD ! if thine eyes survey our faults,
 And justice grows severe,
 Thy dreadful wrath exceeds our thoughts,
 And burns beyond our fear.

Life like a vain amusement flies
 A fable or a dream ;
 By swift degrees our nature dies ;
 Not long our joys are seen.

'Tis but a few, whose days amount,
 To threescore years and ten ;
 And all beyond that short account
 Is sorrow, toil, and pain.

Almighty God ! reveal thy love,
 And not thy wrath alone ;
 O let our sweet experience prove !
 The mercies of thy throne.

Our souls wou'd learn the heav'nly art,
 T' improve the hours we have ;
 That we may act the wiser part,
 And live beyond the grave.

P S A L M

PSALM XCIII.

WITH glory clad, with strength array'd,
 The Lord that o'er all nations reigns ;
 The world's foundation strongly laid,
 And the vast fabric still sustains :

How sure establish'd is thy throne,
 Which shall no change or period see ;
 For thou, O Lord, and thou alone,
 Art God from all eternity.

The floods, O Lord, lift up their voice,
 And top the troubled waves on high ;
 But God above can still their voice,
 And make the angry sea comply.

Thy promise, Lord, is ever sure ;
 And they that in thy house would dwell,
 That happy station to secure,
 Must still in holiness excel.

PSALM XCVI.

FROM all that dwell below the skies,
 Let the Creator's praise arise;
 Let the Redeemer's name be sung,
 Thro' ev'ry land, by ev'ry tongue.
 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord,
 Eternal truth attends thy word:
 Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
 Till suns shall rise and set no more.

Your lofty themes, ye mortals bring,
 In hymns of praise divinely sing:
 The great salvation loud proclaim,
 And shout for joy the Saviour's name:
 In ev'ry land begin the song,
 To ev'ry land the strains belong;
 In cheerful sounds all voices raise,
 And fill the world with loudest praise.

PSALM

P S A L M C.

SECOND PART.

BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
 Ye nations bow with sacred joy ;
 Know that the Lord is God alone,
 He can create, and he destroy.

His sovereign power, without our aid,
 Made us of clay, and form'd us men :
 And when like wand'ring sheep we stray'd,
 He brought us to his fold again.

We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,
 High as the heav'ns our voices raise ;
 And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
 Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

Wide as the world is thy command ;
 Vast as eternity thy love !
 Firm as the rock thy truth must stand,
 When rolling years shall cease to move.

PSALM CIV.

MY soul praise the Lord, speak good of his name:

O Lord our great God, how dost thou appear!
So passing in glory, that great is thy fame,
Honour and majesty, in thee shine most clear.

With light as a robe, thou hast thyself clad,
Whereby all the earth, thy greatness may see:
The heav'ns in such sort, thou also hast spread,
That they to a curtain, compared may be.

His chamber beams lie, in the clouds full sure,
Which as his chariots are made him to bear:
And there with much swiftness, his course doth endure,

Upon the winds riding of winds in the air.

He maketh his spirits, as heralds to go,
And lightnings to serve, we see also prest;
His will to accomplish, they run to and fro,
To save or consume things, as seemeth him best.

P S A L M C X I .

HYMNS of immortal praise belong
To my Almighty God;
He has my heart, and he my tongue,
To spread his name abroad.

How great the work his hand has wrought,
How glorious in our sight !
And men in ev'ry age have sought,
His wonders with delight.

How most exact is nature's frame !
How wise the eternal mind !
His counsels never change the scheme
That his first thoughts design'd.

When he redeem'd his chosen sons,
He fix'd his cov'nant sure ;
The orders that his lips pronounce,
To endless years endure.

Nature, and time, and earth, and skies,
Thy heav'ly skill proclaim ;
What shall we do to make us wise ?
But learn to fear thy name.

To fear thy pow'r, to trust thy grace,
Is our divinest skill :
And he's the wisest of our race,
That best obeys thy will.

P S A L M C X I I I .

Y E saints and servants of the Lord,
 The triumphs of his name record,
 His sacred name for ever bleſs ;
 Whe'er the circling fun displays
 With rising beams, or ſetting rays,
 Due praise to his great name addreſs.

God thro' the world extends his ſway :
 The regions of eternal day
 But shadows of his glory are,
 With him whose majesty excels,
 Who made the heav'n in which he dwells,
 Let no created pow'r compare.

Tho' 'tis beneath his ſtate to view
 In highest heav'n what angels do,
 Yet he to earth vouchſafes his care ;
 He takes the needy from his cell,
 Advancing him in courts to dwell,
 Companion to the greatest there.

PSALM CXV.

LIGHT of life, seraphic fire,
 Love divine, thyself impart!
 Ev'ry fainting soul inspire ;
 Shine in ev'ry drooping heart !
 Ev'ry mournful sinner cheer ;
 Scatter all our guilty gloom !
 Son of God, appear, appear !
 To thy human temples come.

Jesu ! thou art all compassion,
 Pure unbounded love thou art ;
 Visit us with thy salvation ;
 Enter ev'ry tremb'ling heart ;
 Breathe, O breathe, thy loving spirit
 Into ev'ry troubled breast ;
 Let us all in thee inherit,
 Let us find eternal rest.

Come in this accepted hour ;
 Bring thy heav'nly kingdom in !
 Fill us with thy glorious pow'r,
 Rooting out the seeds of sin :
 Nothing more can we require ;
 We will covet nothing less :
 Be thou all our hearts desire,
 All our joy, and all our peace.

PSALM

P S A L M C X I X .

HOW shall the young preserve their ways,
From all pollution free ?
By making all their course of life,
With thy commands agree.

Safe in my heart and closely hid,
Thy word, my treasure lies ;
To succour me with timely aid
When sinful thoughts arise.

When once it enters to the mind
It spreads such light abroad,
The meanest souls instruction find,
And raise their thoughts to God.

'Tis like the sun, a heav'ly light,
That guides us all the day ;
And through the dangers of the night,
A lamp to lead our way.

Thy word is everlasting truth,
How pure is ev'ry page !
That holy book shall guide our youth,
And well support our age. .

PSALM CXXXIII.

SWEET is the love, that mutual glows,
 Within each brother's breast ;
 And binds in gentlest bonds each heart,
 All blessing, and all blest.

Sweet as the odorous balsam pour'd
 On Aaron's sacred head,
 Which o'er his beard, and down his vest
 A breathing fragrance shed.

Like morning dews on Sion's mount
 That spread their silver rays ;
 And deck with gems the verdant pomp,
 Which Hermon's top displays.

To such the Lord of life and love
 His blessing shall extend :
 On earth a life of joy and peace,
 And life that ne'er shall end.

P S A L M CXXXVI.

TO God the mighty Lord
Your joyful thanks repeat,
To him due praise afford,
As good as he is great.

*For God doth prove our constant friend,
His boundless love shall never end.*

By his Almighty hand,
Amazing works are wrought,
The heav'ns by his command,
Were to perfection brought. *For God doth, &c.*

He spread the ocean round,
About the spacious land
And made the rising ground,
Above the waters stand. *For God doth, &c.*

He does our food supply
On which all creatures live,
To God who reigns on high
Eternal praises give. *For God doth, &c.*

To him whose wond'rous pow'r,
All other Gods obey !
Whom earthly kings adore,
This gracious homage pay. *For God doth, &c.*

P S A L M CXXXIX.

TRY us, O God, and search the ground
 Of ev'ry sinful heart !
 Whate'er of sin in us is found
 O bid it all depart !

Help us to help each other, Lord,
 Each other's cross to bear :
 Let each his friendly aid afford,
 And feel his brother's care.

Help us to bear each other up,
 Our little flock improve,
 Increase our faith, confirm our hope,
 And perfect us in love.

Up into thee, our living head,
 Let us in all things grow,
 Till thou hast made us free indeed,
 And spotless here below.

Then, when the mighty work is wrought,
 Receive thy ready bride :
 Give us in heav'n a happy lot
 With all the sanctified !

P S A L M CXLVII.

I'LL praise my Maker with my breath ;
 And when my voice is lost in death,
 Praise shall employ my nobler pow'rs :
 My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
 While life, and thought, and being last,
 Or immortality endures.

The Lord hath eyes to give the blind ;
 The Lord supports the sinking mind :
 He sends the lab'ring conscience peace :
 He helps the stranger in distress,
 The widow and the fatherless,
 And grants the prisoner sweet release.

Happy the man whose hopes rely
 On Is'raël's God : he made the sky,
 And earth, and seas, with all their train,
 His truth for ever stands secure,
 He saves th' opprest, he feeds the poor,
 And none shall find his promise vain.

P S A L M CXLVIII.

YE boundless realms of joy, exalt your Ma-
ker's fame;

His praise your song employ, above the starry
frame;

Your voices raise, ye cherubim,
And seraphim, to sing his praise.

Thou moon that rul'st the night, and sun that
guid'st the day,

Ye glitt'ring stars of light, to him your ho-
mage pay:

His praise declare, ye heav'ns above,
And clouds that move, in liquid air.

Let them adore the Lord, and praise his holy
name,

By whose Almighty word, they all from no-
thing came:

And all shall last, from changes free,
His firm decree, stands ever fast.

United zeal be shewn, his wond'rous fame to
raise,

Whose glorious name above, deserves our end-
less praise,

Earth's utmost ends, his pow'r obey,
His glorious sway, the sky transcends.

H Y M N

H Y M N I.

FOR ADVENT.

LO! he comes in clouds descending,
Once for favour'd sinners slain!
Thousand, thousand saints attending,
Swell the triumph of his train.

Hallelujah, Amen.

Ev'ry eye shall now behold him,
Rob'd in dreadful majesty ;
Those who set at nought and sold him,
Pierc'd and nail'd him to the tree.

Hallelujah, Amen.

Now redemption long expected,
See in solemn pomps appear !
All his saints by man rejected,
Now shall join him in the air.

Hallelujah, Amen.

Yea, Amen, let all adore thee,
High on thine eternal throne !
Saviour take the pow'r and glory,
Take the kingdom for thine own.

Hallelujah, Amen.

H Y M N

H Y M N II.

FOR CHRISTMAS.

RAISE your triumphant songs,
To an immortal tune,
Let the wide earth resound the deeds,
Celestial grace has done.

Praise ye the Lord, Hallelujah !

Sing how eternal love,
Its chief belov'd chose,
And bid him raise our wretched race,
From their abyss of woes. *Praise ye, &c.*

His hand no thunder bears,
Nor terror clothes his brow ;
No bolts to drive our guilty souls,
To fiercer flames below. *Praise ye, &c.*

Now let us dry our tears
Let hopeless sorrow cease ;
Bow to the sceptre of his love,
And take the offer'd peace. *Praise ye, &c.*

Lord, we obey thy call,
We lay an humble claim
To the salvation thou has brought,
And love to praise thy name. *Praise ye, &c.*

HYMN III.
FOR THE NEW YEAR.

THEE we adore, eternal name !
And humbly own to thee,
How feeble is our mortal frame,
What dying worms we be !

Our wasting lives grow shorter still
As days and months increase ;
And ev'ry beating pulse we tell
Leaves but the number less.

The year rolls round, and steals away,
The breath that first it gave ;
Whate'er we do, whate'er we be
We're travelling to the grave.

Great God, on what a slender thread
Hang everlasting things !
Th' eternal state of all the dead !
Upon life's feeble strings ?

Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense
To walk this dang'rous road ;
And if our souls are hurried hence,
May they be found with God !

H Y M N IV.

ON THE SACRAMENT.

God of all redeeming grace,
 By thy cleansing mercy heal'd:
 Up to thee our souls we raise,
 Up to thee our bodies yield:

Thou our sacrifice receive,
 Humbly offer'd thro' thy Son:
 May we ever in thee live,
 May thy will in us be done!

Meet it is, and just and right,
 That we should be wholly thine;
 In thy ^{holy} only word delight,
 In thy blessed service join.

O that ev'ry deed and word!
 May proclaim how good thou art:
 Holiness unto the Lord,
 Still be written on each heart.

H Y M N V.

WHEN rising from the bed of death,
 O'erwhelm'd with guilt and fear,
 I see my Maker face to face,
 O how shall I appear !
 If yet while pardon may be found,
 And mercy may be sought,
 My heart with inward horror shrinks,
 And trembles at the thought.

When thou, O Lord, shalt stand disclos'd,
 In majesty severe,
 And sit in judgment on my soul,
 Oh how shall I appear.
 But thou hast told the troubled mind
 Who does her sins lament,
 The timely tribute of her tears,
 Shall endless woes prevent.

Then see the horrors of my heart,
 E'er yet it be too late :
 And hear my Saviour's dying groans,
 To give those sorrows weight :
 For never shall my soul despair,
 Her pardon to procure,
 Who knows thine only Son has died,
 To make her pardon sure.

H Y M N

HYMN VI.

TO thee, my God, I hourly sigh,
But not for golden stores;
Nor covet I the brightest gems,
On the rich eastern shores.

Nor that deluding empty joy
Men call a mighty name;
Nor greatness in its gayest pride,
My restless thoughts inflame.

Nor pleasure's soft enticing charms,
My fond desires allure;
Far greater things than these from thee,
My wishes wou'd secure.

Those blissful, those transporting smiles,
That brighten heav'n above,
The boundless riches of thy grace,
And treasures of thy love.

These are the mighty things I crave;
O make these blessings mine,
And I the glories of the world
Contentedly resign.

H Y M N VII.

HOW are thy servants blest, O Lord,
 How sure is their defence !
 Eternal wisdom is their guide,
 Their help Omnipotence.

In foreign realms and lands remote,
 Supported by thy care,
 Thro' burning climes they pass unhurt,
 And breathe in tainted air.

Thy mercy sweetens ev'ry soil,
 Bids ev'ry region please,
 The icy mountain tops it warms,
 And smooths the raging seas.

The storm is laid—the winds retire,
 Obedient to thy will—
 The flood that wars at thy command,
 At thy command is still.

12 OC 65

F I N I S.

